

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1886.

PRICE TEN CENTS

THE MIRROR thinks that I err in attaching as much importance as I do to the utterance of the lines in stage poisonations.

If the great players of the past are made the subject of conversation by those that have seen them, what is recalled, what is dwelt on? Is it the manner in which they walked, stood, sat or gesticulated? Never! It is always the manner in which they spoke this speech or that, or, possibly, the manner in which they uttered a single sentence. Mr. Forrest never tired of decanting on the merits of his great predecessor, Edmund Kean, of whom he once said to me:

But did Mr. Forrest, in speaking of Kean, ever dwell upon anything but his wonderful elocution? Never! In rhapsodizing on the marvellous powers of Kean in my hearing, he once said:

I have also heard the late Charles Kemble Mason—who played with Kean often—and the late Thurlow Weed speak of Kean, and, like Forrest, they both dwelt only on Kean's wonderful powers as a reader. Mr. Mason said: "The words flowed from his lips with the ease that the wind blows through an Æolian harp." Yet it was not the tones of Kean's voice that gave to his utterance its wonderful fascination, for his voice, except in the lower register, was not good. The distinctive characteristic of Kean's utterance was the intelligence he breathed into every sound he uttered, which intelligence was not more the product of his genius than it was the fruit of close study; for, according to Barry Cornwall, erratic as Kean was, in studying his parts, he was most painstaking. Greatness does not seem, in his case any more than in the case of others, to have been achieved without labor.

"One day," Legouve says, "my lesson was really an admirable one. The moment La Mars appeared everybody could see that she was fatigued, rather absent-minded, and little disposed to surrender herself to her part. At the beginning of the second act comes a scene demanding a good deal of energy. Mademoiselle got through it all in a low tone of voice and almost without a motion; still not a single effect, not a single point, not a single fine shade of the sentiment was left unexpressed or neglected. They were all there; beautifully brought out, made perfectly visible.

In the same chapter we have evidence that amounts to proof, if we credit Legouve, that Rachel attached as much importance to utterance as the veriest elocution pedant that has lived. Legouve says: "Rachel's dame is linked indissolubly with a whole morning's serious labor, the memory of which I shall never forget. The piece was still Louise de Lignerolles, which Rachel wished to play after Mars' retirement. In one scene there is a somewhat remarkable passage. It contains not more than thirty lines, but to these thirty lines Rachel and I devoted not less than three hours' close study. Never before had the power of

To come nearer home and to our own time. Why is it that Mr. Boucicault gives better performances with the same people than anybody else? Is it because he makes those that play under his direction walk better, stand better, sit better, or gesticulate better? No. It is because he makes them speak better. It is because when he directs a rehearsal he, unlike any other director we have, becomes a teacher of elocution. He knows that in order to make the thought in his dramas easy to seize, as much depends upon the manner in which the language is spoken as upon the language itself; hence his attention to every pause, emphasis and inflection.

ALFRED AYRE.

In almost every avocation by which women seek to gain an honorable living, we find helping hands stretched out to sustain and cheer the worker and to assist those who have not found their place. In all professions and trades there are associations for the purpose of

Managers are often unfairly criticized for what is termed the misfiring agency of their printing. Let us illustrate: An owner or manager has become so well known as to justify the manager in giving him or her a headline in the papers for the month. There are to be a lot of names so printed. In the use and abuse of the business the owner or manager of the names may fall sick, or there may be disagreements followed by meetings. A business has been organized in printing and there is no way out of the difficulty. So the list will often appear in the newspapers. This and so was mentioned to appear, but did not much to the disadvantage of the editor.

The management is to be condemned for this imposition." The manager is not attempting to be condemned, but he might make a compromise by announcing the omitted name as names and the reasons therefor. A prominent minstrel firm had a falling out and the senior partner retired; but his name is still on the bills as prominent as ever. The surviving partners say that they are "keeping it there until the senior's contract expires." Many say they are keeping it there simply because they can't help it unless they go to great and unnecessary expense. Most managers are so chary about having the names of retired actresses placed on their programmes, and the best of reasons. If a play is successful and survives three or four years, the general character of the crossness of the programme is frequently made, and then it is inevitable that whoever may appear in that programme will suffer.



Here we have, as we see, one of the cleverest men in France, and a woman who is looked upon as having been as great an actress as the world has ever seen, spending a whole morning over the reading, the utterance, the delivery, the elocution—call it what you will—of a passage of not more than thirty lines.

If still further evidence is wanting that we cannot easily attach too much importance to the speaking of the lines in stage representations, we have but to compare two such players of tragic parts as, say, Henry Irving and Frederick Archer, with the view of discovering why the one achieves so much despite his disadvantages and why the other achieves so little with all his advantages. Mr. Irving has a bad voice, a plain face and an ungainly figure.

study, aid and charity—in all, save one, and that one the hardest of any—the stage. There are societies of artists—pictorial and sculptural—where the student can be taught and enjoy the privileges of models and examples by which to attain proficiency. There are exhibitions in which their works can be shown to the public, and there are bonds of brotherhood by which the weak and needy are helped on their rocky road. In medicine, there are hospitals and colleges to study in, libraries to refer to, and material help to be obtained when needed. In music, there are conservatories to learn in, church choirs to practice in, and to gain a subsistence while learning the art. But in the drama there is nothing. The actor's trade has to be acquired in the theatre. No aid is given to the struggling aspirant by outside hands. The drag of puritanism yet clog the efforts of all who would tread the stage worthily. The stony path must be trod alone.

The 5th annual meeting of the Actors' Fund of America was held at the Bijou Opera House on Tuesday afternoon. Long before that time the streets of upper Broadway looked as though the Rialto had been turned into them.

When at 5 o'clock President A. M. Palmer struck his gavel on the desk to call the assemblage to order, there were present between two and three hundred professionals. Among those who occupied seats were Arthur Wallace, Fred. Daniels, Leon J. Vincent, John B. Murray, Joseph Mack, J. Charles Davis, N. S. Wood, M. C. Daly, Joseph F. Winter, A. G. Enos, Joseph Wilcox, W. B. Henry, C. W. Allison, C. G. Craig, Harry Gwynette, Kate Singleton, May Foudrie, M. J. Jordan, Frank G. Cotter, Jay Hunt, Roland Reed, E. G. Gilmore, W.

Mack, Louis Harrison, Charles Parsloe,
 George Parcellt Rowe, W. B. Cahill, James
 Dean, Miss Edwards, Horace Wood, William
 H. Baymore, Edward Horan, Colonel John A.
 McCall, Mrs. Louis Eldridge, Charles
 Henson, H. W. Rockwood, W. C. Tomp-
 kins, Myra Goodwin, E. L. Tilton, J. L.
 Corbett, Thomas Jackson, Charles Glynn,
 J. M. Fitzpatrick, Jacques Martin,
 Percy Meldon, Alfred Beck, Bert Ken-
 drick, D. G. Longworth, William Gil-
 more Forsyth, Sydney Rosenfeld, M. Gal-
 land, Henry Aveling, Henry C. Beck, Frank
 Ghard, William S. Harkins, T. Allston
 Burns, Alfred Poole, Charles S. Dickson,
 Louis J. Manlio, S. E. Porter, A. C. More-
 head, Leonard Grover, Charles T. Vincent,
 Joseph Glickner, James J. Tigue, Charles E.
 Nelson, S. S. Grant, Charles Foster, Daniel
 Fitzpatrick, John Swinburns, Ernest Bartran,
 T. J. Magnus, Jay Hunt, A. R. Casanovi,
 George R. Becker and Charles Melville.

Business opened with the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting by Asst. Sec. Harry Baker. These were approved. President Palmer then delivered the following address:

When I remembered that it is only the rich and wealthy who are to whom relief is extended, it will seem and observed by all, I believe, that the cry is not for the relief of the poor, but for the relief of this Fund, that the ground it proposed to occupy already occupied by others, etc., etc., *an ad nauseam* *insinuation*, had no weight not in a derogation to the integrity of the cause, but in the suggestion of a claim to be free from molestation. To whom, it may well be asked, would these thousand sick and weary ones be turned over the next four years if there had been no relief fund? The answer is, that they would have perished long ere help before the war was inaugurated. To whom would they turn if it should be destroyed? The Fund comes in the last resort, and if there were no relief fund, the war would have after every week, in a cloud a blessing on those who came after him upon those who administer its benefits and

[illegible]

While the sums derived from the sources above mentioned have come in, almost unexpectedly, to swell our receipts, it is to be noted with regret that the amount received from benefits has been comparatively small. The New York branch of the American Fund for Public Health produced only \$75.00 gross, the Brooklyn benefits \$1,569 net, the Philadelphia benefits \$1,104.62 net, and the Boston benefits \$1,004.30 net. Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore and Washington have given no benefits, although (as will be seen by reference to the secretary's reports) calls have been made upon us from all these points. It is more than a matter of regret; it is a matter of wonder that your Trustees should have been so disappointed in the response to our appeal. Surely if there is any cause which should excite the sympathy and enlist the interest of the members of your profession it is this. The Fund is for you and of you, and yet in a season when a serious epidemic is raging, and when the best of our own citizens, actors and actresses whose large salaries ought to enable them to be independent of such appeal, the Actors' Fund has been able to secure, from the entire United States, but a sum of money so small. It is a matter of surprise and sorrow that you, who are so often called upon to succor the sick and helpless fellows and to bury your poor dead,

[illegible]

The range and business rooms of the Fund at the United States Savings Bank, New York City, are the design which the Trustees have long had in view of making our association a only a source of help to the sick and needy, but also a center of comfort and cooperation for the members and their families. It is only a question of time when we shall need, through increase of membership and the more general use to be made of our headquarters building, for our own building, which will include a reading room and library, a fund, but also a reading room and library and an Actors' Exchange. If one of the members of the Association who are at present contributing to the fund, should be able to contribute during the ensuing year he would increase new members, there is no good reason why the most desirable end, which so far our Trustees have been able to accomplish as a future possibility, may not be accomplished.

[illegible]

	FROM JUNE 2, 1885, TO JUNE 8, 1885.	
Total expenditure per requisitions.....		\$16.61
Paid for relief.....	\$7 43 1/2	
Paid for funerals.....	2 31 00	
Expenses, incidentals and otherwise.		
Salaries, physicians' expenses in different cities, etc., for visiting, printing, rent of rooms in Post Square, legal expenses, postage stamps, benefit expenses, New York and Philadelphia office furniture, carriage hire, \$5.00 for needy sick, immediate charity, etc.....	6 44 61	
Received by Assistant Secretary membership dues.....	\$6.60	
Returned cash.....	81 00	
	\$97.96 00	
	HARRISON GARY FISK	
Attest:		
	R. A. BAKER, Assistant Secretary.	

W. J. Fleming—I would like to speak of an agency or bureau that has been opened by the Actors' Fund, and to say that I think that

President Palmer—I am certainly very glad that the agency meets with such very general approval, and I hope that all the patrons

Holyoke, Mass.; then Springfield and Waterbury, and playing the week of the 13th at the Globe, Boston. We have only three weeks here in the city. Thanksgiving, Christmas at the Windsor, and New Year's at the Grand Opera House.

Received by Assistant Secretary
membership dues,..... \$2.625 00
Returned cash..... \$1 00-----
\$1.625 00
HARRISON GREY FILER,
Secretary.
Attest:
B. A. BAKER, Assistant Secretary.

At the Theatres.

Bound to Succeed is an English melodrama of the East-end type. Indeed, at the trans-pontine theatres it held sway for several months, meeting the requirements of their patrons in its supply of sensation and theatrical effect. Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt's piece was produced on Monday night at Niblo's Garden before a fair-sized audience. It created a favorable impression, and although very unevenly acted, gave evidence of possessing the requisites of a popular success. The plot is made out of stale ingredients, and is of course lurid. It follows the fortunes of a man who is conspired against by several villains. He is given up for dead, and the chief accomplice turns up in London with a bogus widow and claims upon the defunct's estate. But the good young man has a loving wife already in England. So when he puts in an appearance the Boss Villain schemes to keep him out of sight by mixing him up with a murderous affray and making him a fugitive from justice. Eventually by a dying man's confession Mr. Hero is cleared from suspicion and restored to respectability and his lawful wife, the bogus widow repents and the Boss Villain is punished as he deserves. There are scattered through the story many scenes of the sort that stir the gallery boy's blood and set him to thumping the floor with his feet and shrilly whistling like a steam calliope. Augustus Cook acted the hero, Edward Fitzgerald, without much dash, and James E. Wilson gave Robert Randall all the attributes of melodramatic villainy. The one clever performance in the play was Gus Reynolds' Sandy Blake. Notwithstanding the ridiculous exaggeration of the character, he equipped it with many artistic qualities, and was very earnest, and, at times, dramatic. Charles T. Hagan played an Irishman in a quaint and eccentric fashion that caught the house. C. F. Montaine was satisfactory as a muscular person, while a sort of Chadband was grotesquely acted by G. Morton Price. Lottie Blair was the devoted wife, Mabel, and Nellie Pierce the villain's female accomplice. The play was very shabbily put on. Properly mounted and with a cast of greater ability it should become popular. Next week John P. Smith's Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The People's Theatre did not hold a very large audience on Monday evening, except in the upper regions, when One of the Bravest was given its first metropolitan production. If cheers, applause and recalls for anything, the drama is a success. At times the upstairs crowd was almost turbulent in its demonstrations of approval. One of the Bravest is a nondescript sort of play. It is not, strictly speaking, a melodrama. It might be set down as a cross between the latter and one of Harrigan's comedies depicting New York life. Larry Howard, the hero, has just been appointed to the position of fireman in the Department. The scene opens at a river dock, where Rufus Ward conspires to kill his business partner to benefit himself peculiarly. An explosion of some sort is arranged, and George Heath, the partner, is blown into the river. Larry jumps in to the rescue, and drags the body ashore, when it is discovered that a crime has been committed. Ward persecutes Mrs. Heath, the widow, with his attentions, and succeeds in abducting her little daughter. The child is secreted in a Chinese laundry and opium den. Ward lures the mother to this den by a promise to restore her child. Mop-Wah, the proprietor, sends the child away in a basket, and when this is discovered by Ward he attempts to kill the mother. He is foiled by Hop-Wah, who turns out to be Larry Howard in disguise. This is a very brief epitome of the plot, which involves murder, robbery, abduction and arson, all well spiced with variety-house specialties. The climax of the second act is a house afire. The life-saving corps runs up its ladders and holds its blankets, and a round dozen of people are saved, with Larry Howard as the hero. The interior of an opium den is shown in the third act, with a negro and an Irishwoman "hitting the pipe." The last act is a picnic-ground, where red-shirted firemen and a drum and fife corps fill the stage. They march off and clear the ground, when the villains appear to receive their coup de grace after an *expose*. The weak spot in the cast was the star, Charles C. McCarthy, who was dwarfed by his surroundings. His performance of Larry Howard was very bad. It lacked the slightest force. In his natty fireman's suit he presented a rather pleasing stage presence, but that was all. But for his pretensions in the matter of big type his performance would almost fall beneath notice. However, Mr. McCarthy had one opportunity during the evening—his Chinese specialty, so well known in variety houses. In this he was excellent. But, on the whole, Mr. McCarthy can never be more than an element of weakness in One of the Bravest. Henry V. Donnelly gave a capital sketch of an old-time fire-vamp. This character, in bad taste set down in the bill as Zeke Chamberlin, was acted with great gusto by Mr. Donnelly, who is a son of the late partner of John F. Poole. As Auntie Grogan, an old Irish woman, William Cronin moved the risibilities of the audience at will. There is very little unction in Mr. Cronin's assumption of Irish female roles—he is very hard, in fact—and therefore attracts little attention except when he opens his mouth to spit the air with his

brogue and that peculiar laugh that is inimitable. Nevertheless, Auntie Grogan was in the highest favor with the audience. As Rosie Grogan, daughter of Auntie, George Parker was pleasing when she refrained from dropping into the swing and gait of the serio comic and when she did not attempt the sentimental. Mrs. Heath, the widow, was played with force by Agnes Proctor. Rufus Ward, the genteel villain, was well played by Louis Barrett, although at times he was rather staid and melodramatic. J. B. Radcliffe, as the negro, Presto Carter, pleased the multitude, but was rather too boisterous for ears refined. The child Mary was a neat bit by little Bella Ross. The play was given but ordinary mounting. Next week Milton Nobles' new comedy, Haunted Houses.

Peck's Bad Boy is amusing good-sized audiences at the Windsor Theatre. The piece is full of fun and frolic, and liberally besprinkled with songs. It is cleverly acted, the parts of the Bad Boy and the Groceryman being especially well done. Next week The Colleen Bawn.—The Streets of New York is drawing large houses at the Grand Opera House. It is well put on and Mr. Boniface gives a capital performance of Badger.—At the Third Avenue Theatre the Big Four Specialty company are giving an entertaining performance. Hilda Thomas, Queen Vassar, Harry Kernell and the Big Four are the leading people in the troupe.

Prince Karl keeps its place at the Madison Square. The performance has been much improved of late.—A Tin Soldier continues to crowd the Standard. It is an undoubted go.

The Musical Mirror.

The great success of Erminie at the Casino is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Full houses, lavish applause, and the unstinted approbation expressed by everyone who has seen and heard the bright operetta, mark it as the most complete production yet given by the management of that favorite theatre. True, the music has little claim to originality of thought or novelty of form, but it is melodious, lively, and has that quality which, for want of a better term, we shall call "living," so essential in light opera. Harry Pepper's new song is very effective, and is redemanded every evening. Pauline Hall looks lovely and sings well; her voice is steadily recovering from the depression under which it labored for awhile. Daboll and Wilson are simply perfect as the two adventurers, Ravens and Cadeaux. The chorus is full, well voiced and well trained, and the band is beyond praise, doing all credit to its conductor, Jesse Williams, than whom a more conscientious and hard-working music director does not wield baton.

At Wallack's Theatre, McCaull's version of Audran's pretty operetta, *Le Serment d'Amour*, Englobed as *The Crowning Hen*, is running to crowded houses. "Standing room only" being almost a permanent label on the doors of the theatre. Perugini, Ricci, DeWolf Hopper, Ella and the rest are very good in their respective parts. The music is very taking and bright, the dialogue fair to middling, the lyrics good, and the stage setting admirable. Chorus and band are all that can be desired, and the action is continuous and brisk—in all, an excellent production, and an undoubted hit with the public. "True 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true" that Perugini does sing out of tune, now and then; but, on the other hand, he acts and looks the part of the hero, as no other tenor can pretend to do, and in this world, at least, we cannot have everything. So let us be content and not captious.

Over the way at the Bijou Opera House this same operetta, under the title of *The Bridal Trap*, is given, but not to such great business as its rival at Wallack's. Rosenfeld's book is good, his lyrics poetical and his dialogue smart. The music is, of course, the same, save the orchestration, which is vastly inferior to the score used by McCaull, which, we are given to understand, is the composer's very own. The score at the Bijou is crude, noisy and unmusical, blatant with brass and weak in string. Roland Reed is funny, but it is the fun of burlesque, not of comic opera.

The new Central Park Garden is prospering with Adolph Neuenendorff's Grand Orchestral concerts. His band is complete and composed of first rate musicians. His music is good, well selected and well performed, and his public is happy. What needs there more?

Ixion, at Koster and Bial's pleasant lounge, runs still to crowded houses. It is funny, musical and merry. The artists are all good; the piece is well staged; the band, though not large, is sufficient, and all goes well.

Bella Thorne, the young California girl who was engaged by J. M. Hill and Edward Solomon to replace Alma Stanley as Donna Carmencito in *Pepita*, made a pronounced success in Boston. The press was unanimous in praising her voice, appearance and acting, and in hoping that she might soon return to the Hub.

We lately had the pleasure of listening to a prima donna who unites voice, style, good looks and thorough culture, and who is fated to turn the heads of the public before long. Her name is Alice Rees. Her voice is a full,

pure soprano; her style the best Italian; her execution marvellous, and her years few. Our other sopranos must look to their laurels, for they will have a most dangerous competitor.

The Giddy Gusher



I should think that managers would begin to see the folly of simultaneously producing a play or an opera. "When two men ride the same horse, one man must ride behind," and the man who gets the first mount gets the front seat. The next fellow up has very little room, and a very poor show, generally.

Le Serment d'Amour is an undoubted charming opera. The music is delightful, the story a very jolly ope, and in the French very, very naughty, but very nice. A French opera-book or play is like a cucumber—the attempt to make it healthy renders it unpalatable. The salt the over careful put on that merry vegetable, the efforts they make to extract its precious juices, may be for our digestive good; but it's utter destruction to the crispness and flavor that is the little cucumber's best hold. I don't want to read any expurgated books; I don't want to see any purified plays; I don't want to listen to any diluted operas. If the original is too strong for my ultra-fastidious taste, don't put it on tap half water for me.

It's very ridiculous to behold people sitting without a blush at Wallack's, and listen to the *Timbale d'Argent*, and these same people getting behind fans at a watered translation of *Le Serment d'Amour* and asking each other "if it isn't a little suggestive."

They'll go home and read "Othmar," and advise their daughters to read "Vaprasine" first, as "Othmar" is the sequel. (Their ignorance is tempered to that fine point where they really know the sequel is not the first volume.)

I wonder that John McCaull, who is an out-and-out enemy of mock modesty, didn't put on the latest success of Audran as it was written, knowing how much a libretto suffers by emasculation. However, the Wallack version is much nearer the original than his neighbor's across the street. Mr. Rosenfeld prides himself on having put the opera through the purifying process, and that's a point on which I never waste any applause; it wouldn't make much difference—Mr. Rosenfeld might have given the wicked truth of the original sin—the Bijou auditor would never be the wiser. One word of the libretto as sung is not heard by a soul in the house. I can't remember a more unintelligible party, until Roland Reed struck his topical song. It might as well have been sung in Greek; but I took the libretto home and read it.

Rosenfeld is the limberest versifier in New York. A rhyme never staggers that young man. Richard Harris Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," in his wildest flights of jingle was never carried to such heights but Rosenfeld's long legs would scramble up beside him.

And even a poet a danger like that must fear, hardly protruding beyond his own atmosphere.

It's a dear little proper book, *The Bridal Trap*, and can be incorporated with Sunday School libraries at once. If I had gone to see that version first I should never have seen *The Crowning Hen*.

I read in the *World* the most glowing account of the whole affair and it was a great surprise to see the play after hearing that it quite knocked out the Wallack building. Good Lord, when?

Roland Reed was the funniest Ko-Ko I ever saw. He is not funny as Fontelard. I thought Celia Ellis was dreadful, but Jennie Prince isn't one inch better. Harry Mills is nowhere beside Morsell, and who is there in this country that can play the Marquise as Cottrelly does?

They star Mr. Reed. If Fontelard is deserving of bigger letters than the rest of the cast for that performance, McCaull ought to measure one of my Hopper's hind legs and get type built the same length in which to print the name of Gavandan.

I didn't say anything last week about *The Crowning Hen*. The papers spoke so highly of *The Bridal Trap* that it seemed as if there were really two equally good versions of Audran's opera before the public. Well, today I want to say how delighted I was with *The Crowning Hen*, fresh, bright, amusing, without a flat place to waste through. In no member of the cast could there be an improvement save in the part of Marion. I never saw

Cottrelly look more lovely than in her white wig. I never saw her to better advantage as an actress, and she never sang more sweetly. It's quite the thing to say that Cottrelly doesn't come out well as a vocalist. Just ask any one who has a duet to sing who should sustain the soprano part, and if ever the chump has been and heard Cottrelly and he don't cry out with all his lungs for that most melodious *trainante* voice, for that marvelous trick of manner, for that intelligence of phrasing that makes Cottrelly a lyrical delight, then he is a fool and no mistake.

Three such people for comic opera as Cottrelly, Hopper and Perugini are not grouped in one company once in a hundred years.

Ricci is always acceptable. She never arrogates to herself any great position. She does conscientiously that which she has to do. With a deprecating smile she receives her applause, and she wins by that very humility of manner. She has a strong, true, pleasant voice, and is a very general favorite.

Perugini seems to come out stronger and stronger as an actor and singer with every part he creates here. There is an unhelpful consensus about my Hopper; but he is so constructed that he sticks his ideally through every disguise. But, Lord bless me, when a thing is thoroughly good we ought never to have enough of it—like whiskey.

Did ever any one hear a man kick at good old rye?

The topical song has grown to be something of a sorrow, but borne in on us with the unerring certainty of Hopper's memory and the rolling richness of his noble voice, it takes on its pleasantest features. The topical song belongs to Francis Wilson and my Hopper. When that recent invention is sprung on a suffering audience by a poor voice and a bad study, it is the most infernal thing to listen to outside a hand-organ or a tom-cat.

Yes, indeed; the opera of Audran is done by McCaull's company is simply delightful, and as I think of it, I say again, Why will two theatres at the same time produce the same work? One has got to take a back seat, and the Bijou has the crupper this time, although the houses are crowded.

I suppose Jack Ryley out in New Rochelle has done more celebrating this week than many towns accomplish in a Fourth of July and two St. Patrick days. Ryley is getting to be the most ferocious American in the country. Local politics interest him and public improvements stir his soul. Coming from a land where the best views and loftiest opinions are expounded from the people for the exclusive enjoyment of the bloated landholders, where much is given to one and a little divided between the many, it's funny to see the glint light this clever Englishman makes for the rights of the democracy.

Out in New Rochelle the rich Mr. Levin seeks to gather in as private property a place of ground of very great value as a public park. He has been on the point of getting it several times. A servile spirit of submission to the will of a rich man seemed to animate many of the old settlers in that pleasant little town. But the English actor was the first to protest, to lead the revolt, to claim for the town the privileges of the handsome park lands in people and fine lines as coveted. The matter came to vote, and no hustings ever returned a member with more vehement exhortation and unusual labor than Ryley's polling of the park. Any one in New Rochelle Tuesday would have sworn Jack was electioneering himself into Congress. His voice, his pocket, his hands and his feet were action all day, and when at night victory perched upon his peasant, his British soul swelled with patriotic ardor and he had a brass band and fireworks and flags all over him, and finally was put to bed a conqueror with a hoarse voice and a wet towel on his head.

I love the little gentleman for his great cleverness on the stage; for the unvarying kindness of his hospitable heart; for his straightforward, honest purpose in life, and I'm beginning to love him for his patriotic interest in his adopted country. I'm going out next Spring to stump the State for him as candidate for something or other. His magnificent record as Major-General, Lord High Admiral and Executioner qualify him to tackle any office in the gift of this down-trodden people. Whatever position a grateful country sees fit to offer Jack Ryley, be sure he will honor it by accepting it. He will never cost his constituents a dollar for a trial and conviction. We shall never hear of him in Sing Sing, Auburn, Montreal, or any other criminal colony. He will return the insignia of office with clean hands, and his ruddy face will reflect credit on those who elected him for — I leave a blank there, till I consult Jack and find out what he wants to run for. Then I will lay the matter before some political cusses I know, and you'll see how the campaign of Mr. Ryley will be boomed by your

GIDDY GUSHER.

George H. Adams will take the road next season in a new piece written for him by Arden Smith and Ernie Arden, under the management of the former. Mr. Adams will play a protean comedy part, and figure as a monkey in a mysterious murder incident parallel to that in Poe's "Murder in the Rue Morgue."

LOTTA AND BE...

A newspaper reporter, writing from a street, in Philadelphia, concludes his article between two columns, showing by the whip and tail in both columns the following:

"Did you see that little woman, the coupe?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Why, that is the great mother of the famous actress, Lotta."

This brief conversation led to the direction of a vehicle rapidly moving along the street, when a smile and nod of assent from the lady, to whom an introduction had been given, led, without knowing the reason, to the thing most of her that her mother-in-law had been forgotten. Now, there was a woman, every article in the dress, from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes, was as perfect as the most perfect of her kind. She was a woman of the highest culture and intelligence, and her mother-in-law, who was a woman of the highest culture and intelligence, was a woman of the highest culture and intelligence.

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One day last week a local paper contained a sensational article on an alleged irrigation in the Chalet and Gulick Hall. When spoken to about the Theatre, late Library Hall, the two gentlemen, no matter both Chalet and Gulick, insisted that they are the only trouble between them, and, besides, their law-formed your correspondent that the gentlemen are the best of terms and are working together heartily. An employee of the firm was responsible for the article as published.

We will have an old-time dime museum on Fifth avenue next season. Gulick, Chalet and Gulick, Sachett, of Sachett and Drew, will in all likelihood be the proprietors of the new enterprise.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The Vokes party sails for home to-day. Latterly it has been anything but a happy family, discord having interrupted the friendly and harmonious relations which existed in the early part of the season. Brandon Thomas appears to have been the cause—innocent or otherwise—of all this internal coil. His confederates unite in saying that he made himself insufferably disagreeable to everybody, and they allude with malicious pleasure to the fact that Thomas has expressed unmeasured contempt for the country and people from whom he has received so much courtesy and among whom he has achieved so much success. Thomas, on the contrary, expresses a profound love for us, and thinks that he is the victim of a lot of cranks. He is to return in the Autumn, when he hopes to get a position as leading man with some star (his aspirations lie, strange as it may seem, in the serious walk) and perhaps dispose of several little pieces he has written.

Mme. Selina Dolaro is located at Plainfield, N. J., on a pleasant little place where she can enjoy the complete quiet and freedom from care which her condition imperatively demands.

A letter has been received by a gentleman in this city from one of the actresses in Dixey's company, in which she says that on the arrival of the company in London, Manager Rice had made no preparations in advance for hotel accommodation. He left the ladies at the railway station to shift for themselves. Being total strangers to the town they, of course, knew nothing about the location of the hotels. They made inquiry of a supposed gentleman and were directed by him to go to the Haskell House. After registering they discovered the place to be a house of assignation, yet having no other refuge they were compelled to remain there until morning. The letter goes on to say that the unfortunate wayfarers included the whole female contingent of the chorus and a few of the principals. The gentleman who received this intelligence characterizes Rice's neglect as abominable. If the story be true, I entirely agree with him.

The Actors' Order of Friendship is an unpretentious organization which does a good deal in the way of mutual improvement and assistance for its members, all of whom are professionals in good standing. Unlike the Fund, its benevolent offices are restricted, being exercised only in behalf of those who are actively connected with it. Following the example of the Fund, the A. O. F. intends doing something shortly to stimulate interest in its affairs. On two days during the last week of the present month the Association will hold a convention. The first day is to be devoted to public exercises at one of the theatres, to which the profession in general will be invited. There are to be addresses and a musical entertainment, and I understand that Joseph Jefferson and F. F. Mackey will figure as chief orators of the occasion. The second day is to be more exclusive, only the members of the Order participating in the proceedings. At this meeting measures for the establishment of more legitimate business methods between actors and managers will be advocated and discussed, and an effort made to band the players for defensive action. Often individual actors are unable to sustain their manhood and enforce their rights legally when they have been defrauded or otherwise injured by unscrupulous managers, and a combination to defray the cost of such proceedings when they are advisable is, I understand, one of the matters that will receive attention from the Order.

Nobody is more fond of an argument, nobody enters into one with greater gusto and a firmer intention to stay until the end, than Frank Mayo. In a friendly dispute with congenial spirits he can give points to Barrymore, Roach, Ayres—even Casarman. When A. C. Wheeler lectured some weeks ago in Providence Mayo was in the audience. He waited until the people left to congratulate the lecturer. Wheeler approached Mayo with a broad smile on his countenance and otherwise expressing the profoundest satisfaction.

"You look pleased—and well you may," exclaimed Mayo, leantly grasping the outstretched hand.

"That's so," replied Wheeler; "for the first time in my life I had you to-night where you couldn't talk back."

Parting Words.

"I am to sail on Saturday on the *Aurania*," said Helen Dauvray to a MIRROR reporter recently. "I shall go direct to London, where I shall see Mr. Bronson Howard and very probably hear the first act of his new play. I shall spend about three weeks in London, devoted entirely to looking up the theatres and amusing myself, by way of a change. Then I shall go to Paris and have about three weeks with the dressmakers, milliners, etc. From there I go to Switzerland for two weeks and do nothing but rest."

"I may bring over a couple of people for the cast of the new play, whom Mr. Howard may consider specially fitted for the parts. Since the close of my season I have been busily engaged with the models of the new play, and I am happy to say that I go away feeling perfectly relieved of all anxiety. Mr. Goucher is to paint the scenes for the entire play."

"The characters, with one exception, will be all American. The play will be an everyday comedy, based on a new and novel idea, which I hope will prove amusing. It will be broader comedy—that is, not quite as quiet—as *One of Our Girls*—although it will be just as refined. The events take place in high life. Mr. Sothra will have a fine part, and both Mr. Howard and myself are of opinion that he is going to make a very great hit in it. It is not that of a fop. Mr. Sothra dislikes to play fops very much, because he is accused at once of trying to follow in his father's footsteps, and of not being able to play anything else."

"I expect to return to this country about Sept. 1, when I will at once begin rehearsals of *One of Our Girls*, preparatory to opening with it on Sept. 27 in Boston. We will be nine weeks on the road, during the last four of which Mr. Howard joins us and we rehearse the new play. On coming to the Metropolitan the company rehearses two weeks but does not play. We open in the new play at the Lyceum on Dec. 13."

"If the play has half the success accorded to *One of Our Girls*, I shall be more than satisfied."

Brooklyn Amusements.

Professionals, about this time of the year, find some relaxation from the more or less arduous task of looking for an engagement by crossing the river on the Big Bridge to see a new play. Brooklyn is as good a canine as New York for the trial of a piece, and it costs a great deal less to do so there than it would here. Besides, there are at least three, if not more, theatres where the success of a trial means that the play is good for the road and profit. On last Monday there were two new plays tried in that city. Both of them were by actors, and one of them, The Baron, by a man of established professional reputation for ability as a comedian. Harry M. Pitt, however, has not enhanced his fame, nor will he swell his bank-account with it. For some reason, not easily explained, some of his friends had been saying he had written it on the same lines as Boucicault's *The Jilt*. But the man who would compare The Baron to Boucicault's fine comedy would mistake the light of a cigar for a noontide sun. The Baron was produced at the Grand Opera House. The cast was strong, the scenery was excellent, and the audience was large. But the comedy was not a success. The author had many professional friends among the spectators who were ready and even anxious to do him service; but look as earnestly as they might, they could find but little to applaud in the piece. The story of the play is a mere thread. Denis Fennessey, an Alderman of this city, visits his native land and the Continent of Europe, finally returning to Ireland on his way back to America, after having bought a German baronetcy. The original possessor of the title turns out to be a swindler, and Fennessey is hunted down by a Scotland Yard detective. This is supposed to lead to comical situations. Of course, everything turns out all right in the story. Fennessey has two daughters and four nieces, in charge of a French professor, and there is a Charles Jones, who loves Mary, the pet child of the prosperous New York politician. The second and third acts take place in Fennesseyville-on-the-Hudson. Each of the acts is taken up principally by the girls, who, in one way or another, with the professor, the Alderman, Jones and a dumb negro servant, manage to make the audience forget the weak story, which is suddenly recalled to them near the close of each act by the appearance of the detective and the perpetration of some happily brief tomfoolery. There are eight vocal pieces sung in the play, only one of which, "The Hibernian Duet," was received with any marked favor. To sum up, The Baron was evidently written by an intelligent litterateur, but not by a person understanding in the least how to construct a play calculated to hold the attention of an audience. James O. Barrows played the part of Fennessey, and worked hard to make his share of the play a go, but it was of no use. Harry Pitt was Jones, Mrs. Sol Smith was Mrs. Fennessey, and Olga Brandon was Mary, the pet daughter.

Professionals had another trial of their patience at the Atheneum. The play was not

unworthy of attention altogether, but its story and the plot were so hackneyed as to make it monotonous. C. B. Grant, said to have been for a short time in Bartley Campbell's White Slave company, was the star. He was also announced as the author of the play *An Shool-Ach*. The business manager of the enterprise, George Sanford, labored industriously to impress the reporters with the idea that the venture was a costly and a meritorious one, and he did so to some purpose. But he struck a MIRROR representative with the tale that Emma Loraine had been four years in Lester Wallace's company at \$125 a week, and was the greatest actress in America. It is exceedingly fortunate for Miss Loraine that she is not to have many such indiscreet friends. The plot of *An Shool-Ach* is about a rich man who loves a poor farmer's daughter, she being in love with the good but penniless fellow so well known in Irish plays. The rich lover engages some one to kill him, but the girl's father is killed by mistake, and the poor rival is accused of the crime. The rest of the story is easily surmised. The accused wanders through Ireland disguised as a German peddler, and that part of the play is not unlike Emmet's Frits in Ireland. Mr. Grant also sings, in a good voice, tunes that are very much like Emmet's in that play. The cast was painstaking and not ineffective, though the star was amateurish. Miss Loraine was Kathleen, the heroine; James J. Tighe, Sir Jeffrey Morris; Grace Everett, Nora; and J. E. Hynes, the murderer. The audience received the play with a fair amount of applause. The play would doubtless take well in the country.

Theatricals under canvas are not common in this country. If strictly conducted as theatricals usually are there would be no serious fault to find with them. The nature of the accommodations would be recognized as a mere necessity of the summer season. There is such a thing as making the best of a bad job, and to put up with performances under canvas is one of the things provincials must expect if they must have them in summer. Brooklynites are not altogether provincials, but they tolerate many theatrical shows that would be consigned to the cheap Bowery houses in this city. This class of amusement, however, is not known there in the regular theatres. For three years or more dramatic and operatic representations under canvas have been known in the City of Churches. Some of them have been really meritorious, but the majority of them do not admit of anything more than a passing mention. Even the very best have surroundings closely related to circus life, such as candy privileges and lemonade stands, and it is impossible for the experienced eye to overlook the tremendous dissimulations these things work out. Manager William H. Friday is now conducting a theatre under canvas in Brooklyn. The canvas is a large "wall" tent, and at one end is a commodious theatre, a certain amount of scenery, and gas footlights. The body of the tent is lighted by only two of the kind of electric burners that are seen in front of stores. The seats on the sides and at the rear are the regular circus step seats. In the centre are wooden chairs—twenty-five-cent places—and in front of these are what are called opera-chairs, at fifty cents each for the evening. There are a cross between a wooden camp stool and an old-fashioned country school bench. They are about eight inches wide, and fat people are constantly imagining they are losing part of their anatomy while sitting on them. In nearly every other case, however, the audience is fairly well seated. Just now a combination known as the Metropolitan Opera company is staging *The Maccoite and Olivette*. Louise Lester, Hattie Anderson, Georgie Knowlton, J. C. Campbell and a very fair chorus are in the organization. They sing fairly, act poorly, but give abundant satisfaction. A remarkable feature of this "opera under canvas" is the offer of a prize. The highest price for seats is fifty cents. It was announced last Monday night that the lady or gentleman purchasing the most fifty-cent tickets will be entitled to a \$400 piano at the end of the fifteen weeks' season.

George Murphy, German dialect actor, in a new comedy, *Rudolph's Ambition*, opened at the Standard Museum last Monday. The play is a farce comedy, interspersed with scenes introducing music and specialties, and is very funny. Its owners do not aim to do anything else than create a laugh, and they accomplish their purpose in a most thorough manner. The cast included George H. Wood, Polly McDonald, See W. Decker, J. J. Gibbons and G. H. Smith.

Micaliz, a sensational melodrama, was the play at the Grand Museum. Manager Bruce's benefit on Monday afternoon and evening was a triumph for the popular beneficiary. The programme included a large number of volunteers.

George Clarke's *Strange Disappearance* was a dire failure in Brooklyn. After the matinee, Wednesday, June 2, the company struck for their salaries of the previous week in this city. No money being forthcoming, they refused to go on that night. Colonel Sinn then stepped in and agreed to pay salaries for the remaining performances of the week, and the engagement was closed without any further trouble. Mr. Clarke's indebtedness is about \$1,200 to the company and to Colonel Sinn. He gave his notes, payable Oct. 1 next, for the amount. Colonel Sinn holds the scenery and the manu-

script of the play, or did hold it on Monday. The following letter explains itself:

New York, June 7, 1896.
We, the undersigned, members of George Clarke's *Strange Disappearance* company, tender hearty thanks to Manager Colonel Sinn, of the Brooklyn Park Theatre, for his generous conduct toward us for having paid a certain amount of our salaries under circumstances which called for no moral or commercial interference on his part, and which, indeed, was an act entirely opposed to his business interests.

Signed—J. W. Grath, F. McC. Ross, John E. Henshaw, Eugene O'Rourke, William F. Shande, John Armstrong, Louis Filber, Major Burk, Little Blanchard, Evelyn Granville, Henrietta Crockett, Fanny Rice, Tony Robert, May Ten Broeck, Ada Boshell, Clara Washburne.

NOTES.

The Park Theatre is closed for the season. On Saturday, 5th, Colonel Sinn was twenty-five years a manager.

The Four Shamrocks are at Phillips' Pavilion.

G. W. Watson takes a benefit at the Standard Museum, June 16.

Georgie Knowlton has been added to the Metropolitan Opera company at Friday's Pavilion.

In the Courts.

DION BOUCICAULT'S PLAYS.

Several weeks ago Dion Boucicault was compelled to take legal action to restrain Henry E. Walton from proclaiming himself as the playwright-actor's exclusive agent and the only one having charge of the rights of producing Boucicault's plays, or from whom such rights could be obtained. Walton had repeatedly done this, and had even advertised and represented himself as Boucicault's agent. An injunction was obtained by the actor, restraining Walton from making such statements, in the Supreme Court, and a long argument had as to the continuance of the same. Mr. Boucicault explained to the Court that he had given the right to Walton only to make such negotiations as he could for the production of dime museums and at smaller theatres of such plays as had failed to be attractive at the higher grade houses. There were several plays that had become time-worn and were no longer available, and the actor was willing to get what terms he could for them. Walton, however, had exceeded his authority and gave it out that he was the exclusive agent of all of Boucicault's plays. Boucicault denied that he had appointed Walton an exclusive agent. On Monday Judge Andrews, before whom the matter came up, rendered his decision in the case, ordering the injunction to be made permanent. He held, in the first place, that Walton was not an exclusive agent of Boucicault, and that, at any rate, even if the agency had been exclusive, it was revocable at the pleasure of the actor.

NOT A PROPER DEMAND.

One of the suits against Bartley Campbell in relation to the Fourteenth Street Theatre has been discontinued. This was the action brought by Samuel Colville to recover \$1,000, the May rent due on the theatre. It was to effect a repossession of Mr. Campbell from the house in order that Mr. Colville might again get control of it and protect his interests. The theatre was rented by Mr. Colville to Mr. Campbell for a term of four years. For the first two years \$12,000 a year rent was to be paid, and on the last two years an additional \$1,000. When the case came up before Justice McCarthy, in the Eighth District Court, the lawyer who appeared for Mr. Campbell's receiver moved that it be dismissed on the ground that the demand for the rent had not been made in a legal manner, and that there was nothing in the papers filed in the action to show that such a demand had been made. James Maguire was put on the stand, however, and he said he made a formal demand for the rent, but when Mr. Colville was called upon to testify, with characteristic frankness he said that he had simply told Mr. Campbell that he would like the rent for the month of May, and that he did not mention the amount due at the time. This was necessary to make the demand formal. Judge McCarthy thereupon decided that the demand had not been made in a proper manner, and the suit was ordered to be discontinued.

Professional Doings.

Ivan Perovitch has been engaged for the Florence.

Ted D. Marks is Roland Reed's new manager for next season.

The Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, may be rented for the summer.

Will J. Duffy is re-engaged as business manager for Lizzie Evans next season.

Nate Salisbury will open with his Wild West Show at Staten Island on June 28.

Dan Sully's Corner Grocery will open in Newark next Monday evening for a week.

Whallen's New Grand Opera House at Louisville, Ky., was destroyed by fire on Monday morning.

William Emmett, the well-known manager, died in a Chicago hospital last week. His age was forty-two.

Press Eldridge is at work on a new operatic burlesque to follow *Ixion* at Koster and Bial's about September.

One of the bravest will most probably be produced at Tony Pastor's Theatre for a week, opening next Monday.

Alice Gaillard, the contralto, has been assigned to an important role in *The Bridal Trap* at the Bijou Opera House.

In Philadelphia to-morrow (Friday) actors are to play a game of baseball for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley Campbell.

Charles B. Hanford, who has been the past two seasons with T. W. Keene and Robson and Crane, is at liberty for next.

Leclair and Russell, in *A Practical Joke*, opened to a jammed house at the Pavilion Theatre, Harlem, on Monday night.

George C. Hamilton, Jr., has introduced a new musical comedy, *Goose*, at the Standard Theatre.

David Hanchett, who has been years leading men and women, Daniel Bandmann, is a new season.

Henry Belmer has managed to get his feet with *The Pavements of Paradise*, reports good business at the Broadway Theatre, Chicago.

Milton Nobles opened in Harlem on Monday night to a fair house, but to his great vexation as the theatre at which he played was all draws.

On Saturday Mills, who made his name on the *Normandie*, next season will be the farewell tour of this country. He opens at the John, N. H., on August 30.

Will T. Knight, having been re-engaged by John E. Owens, will be at his old post as business manager of the Charleston (S. C.) Academy of Music next season.

Fred L. Reynolds, manager of the Grand House at Morningside, Mich., is doing his besting in this city through Charles C. White, representing the Michigan State.

James Fenimore, representing William Ham's Classical Dramatic troupe, has arrived in the city and taken chambers at Taylor's Exchange, at East Fourteenth Street.

F. S. Manton, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Hot Time company, which has been closed season, has gone to Springfield, partly on business, but chiefly for a few days rest.

James P. Marston, who has been negotiating loans upon personal credit for every description, has been seen at the business over country roads, and is known in the profession.

Charles Fraz made quite a hit at the Irish drama in the production of *The Mystery* in Philadelphia last week. A position being compared to the success of that of Weston Greenleaf's.

Ethel Brandon, who was engaged as leading lady of Frederick Hervey's *Providence* company last season, has been released from even collection to accept a challenge with Helen's Henry and Co.

Duch Duffy opened at the Grand on Sunday evening and made a fair success, receiving several reviews. His second season, with *The Grand*, Lou Stanford is a great favorite, and is seen here.

George B. Hamilton has promised to perform *The Tourist* in a variety of Car in England, and will make his debut in the summer of 1897. Among those who probably go with the expedition are Burns and Talcott Brown.

Adeline Brinkley and her troupe of eight were offered the leading part of *Charles Fraz*, the tragedian, who has signed a special contract to play in new play. The character is a new one.

The following company has been in appearance at the Grand Opera House, and on Sunday evening, in *Billie*, opened. The *Billie* of Baltimore, Mrs. Marie Mellet, Sam Kent, Fred Jones, Jennie Kalkreuth, Frank W. Singer, and Ray Stetson.

George W. Fay is general manager of the *Brothers* enterprise, and is a real agent, with headquarters in the National Theatre, will manage the play, all of whom will be ready to do company will shortly open a new one of light opera at Grand, New York.

The new *Madame* actress, Helen N. Y., will be opened on August 1. It will be under the management of W. C. Smith, and will have a large troupe. The leading capacity will be a *Billie* is a *Billie*. Indiscreet lighting. The house will be on the ground.

While Belmont announced the plan of management and the production of the *Billie* is in the sole control of the Belmonts and their connections. The *Billie*, Oliver Goodwin, Turner Up, the *Billie*, Maitland, Hatch of Egypt and *Billie*, Frank W. Singer represents Mr. Belmont's interests in this country.

On Monday a gentleman connected with the coming American tour of the *Billie* company received a cablegram from Tony Pastor saying he was still in negotiation for the management of that organization. He is as the gentleman knew they were proceeding favorably. Mr. Pastor is still in Chicago, and did not say what he would expect to do.

Will J. Duffy, in advance of Lizzie Evans, is in town. "Miss Evans has just closed a successful season of forty-two weeks," said he. "She opened at the Grand Opera House, Providence, on Monday afternoon and evening of last week, in one of the largest houses ever known at that moment. At least hundreds were turned away. Next season will open at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on August 16, where Miss Evans will remain two weeks. During this period she will produce a revised version of *Foggy's Ferry* and a new comedy entitled *San Sando*. The scene of the latter is laid on the coast of Wales about one hundred years ago."

The members of George Clarke's *Strange Disappearance* company are somewhat annoyed over the strange disappearance of the funds which should have gone toward paying Colonel Sinn, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, where the company played last week, guaranteed salaries for the last three nights. Many of the company accepted notes from the Clarke for the balance due. Members of the ballet who trusted and rode between New York and Brooklyn, are said not to have received a cent. Mr. Clarke is reported to have means, and that he should have taken more his company is rather surprising.

Neil Burgess has successfully revived his funny performance of *Mrs. Tryphena* with his comedy *Via*. The comedy has been written, much to his betterment. Mr. Burgess has not been much seen upon the stage of late. In fact, a good many people thought he had been obscured. But Mr. Burgess has been quietly working upon the disfigurement and mechanism of the revival, and now his light is burning more brightly than ever. In the portrayal of the comedy of speech, garrulous, Talcott Brown is certainly unequalled. *Strange Disappearance* at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, has been a hit, and his great hit at the Grand has been to the front once more.

Some Foreign Notes.

LONDON, May 26, 1866.

Within the ensuing seven days, three American companies, representing three different phases of American histrionic art, are announced to appear at London theatres. I wish my fellow-countrymen and confrères all the success their pluck and energy deserves, but—as you may perceive from the break, I am not wholly free from misgivings. These spring, however, more from my knowledge and experience of English—well, let us call it "conservatism," rather than from any question of American ability.

Cousin John Bull is very bull-headed in his methods and beliefs, and mind you not unreasonably so. After all that may be said on both sides of the question, perhaps the experienced judgment of old Mr. Bull is a safer and more agreeable guide than the audacity of young Brother Jonathan.

Politically, America can very well afford, in spite of all our hasty boasts, to take further lessons from Old England. In rational freedom, I don't think we are authorized to count ourselves as a nation very far ahead of England. In theory, yes; but in practice, no.

True, in America one man is as good as another—theoretically. We all know the "dog gone" absurdity of the thing in practice, yet 'tis nevertheless a deuced good point in arguing the question.

On the other hand—the British hand—there is no country in the world in which individual rights are more—or as much—recognized; where Law is more impartially administered, or more generally respected and obeyed, as in England, and that in itself a very weighty advantage to consider. There is less individuality in England, but, then, there is also less lawlessness. I dare say 'tis somewhat unpleasant for "Col." Jones, of Jonesville, to walk unnoted through the Strand; or to feel that despite his loud talk and aggressive swagger, he counts for no more in this community than Brown, Smith or Robinson.

That is very discouraging, but I don't know any American city of the size of London—or let us say of greater proportions—in which the rights of individuals command so quick and respectful obedience—where, should one extra passenger force his way into an omnibus, or railway carriage, or tramway, any regular passenger has a legal right to demand and enforce the law against overcrowding public conveyances.

Nor do I know of any American city in which if some exciting news vender should by exciting street outcries of his "Extry" extricate (as he has done, drat him!) a penny from my pocket he can be legally pulled up for obtaining money under false pretences.

Nor do I believe that even in New York a hack driver can be haled up before a magistrate for only walking his horses ("loitering," they call it here), and obstructing public travel on a thoroughfare.

These are small matters, I grant you, but then they enter very largely into the question of good government and of personal rights. And small as they undoubtedly are, I think we should perhaps be all better satisfied if they were more generally enforced.

But—(to return to our sheep)—I don't think that American players, or the American player's art are as much liked in London as they might be, and as ultimately I hope they will be, and for that reason I am a little apprehensive of results within the next week.

Dixey, under the adroit and intelligent management of John Hollingshead of the Gaiety, is attracting considerable attention, is being dined, and wine and clubbed to an extent which may reasonably be expected to superinduce that familiar yet melancholy disease known in our vernacular as "swell-head."

John Hollingshead is great in "swell" methods, though himself, one of the most unpretending and genuine of good-fellows. He is the only person in all England known to me who possesses courage enough to write a note on one sheet of paper only—that is to say without the blank fly-sheet attached—which Fashion demands, or to discard gloves. He is also the only manager in London sufficiently audacious to ride on an omnibus. Henry Irving habitually uses a cab, but an omnibus—oh, no!

Hollingshead is the first manager who had moral courage enough to abolish the outrageous imposition of fees in a theatre. And it required, I assure you, no little courage—let us say stubborn grit—to thus antagonize British—conservatism. Few people in the States have any idea of the oppressive extent of these prescriptive fees. Let me tabulate them for you. Here is what a visit for two to a first-class theatre where fees obtain costs:

Two stall (orchestra) seats.....	\$5 00
Cab to and from theatre.....	50
Two programmes of the play.....	25
Fee to beggar for opening cab doors.....	04
Fee for lady's bonnet in cloak-room.....	10
Fee to enter.....	10

Total.....\$6 03

"For eighteen years," Hollingshead remarked to me the other day, "I have fought this imposition. I relinquished by so doing over £1,500 (\$9,000). Whether it has brought me in that much is a question; but at least I have had the pleasure of having my own way."

Hollingshead's autograph is always appended to the legend, "No fees," and he declares with ludicrous solemnity that when he dies his only epitaph shall be "No fees."

But all this is *par paranthese*. The general prediction seems to be adverse to Dixey's success. I think he will succeed, because he

is a better actor than I have seen in England, and I have observed, as a rule, that they succeed who deserve success.

The Strategists, I fear, will fail. This fear, I must modestly say, is not based upon the fact that three of the four acts of the play were written by me at the suggestion of its original and clever proprietor, J. Clinton Hall.

It would perhaps be safer to withhold my predictions until after these adventuring spirits shall have made their appearance in London. But I am not afraid to put my guessing upon record, and I shall really be very glad to find my apprehensions unfounded.

Mrs. Chanfrau, who was arranging to lease the Haymarket Theatre, lost it at last through the unexpected success of Sir Charles Young's admirable drama, Jim the Penman. The piece caught popular regard, and pulled the Haymarket managers out of a sort of Slough of Despond, somewhat as Shakespeare says of drowned honor—"by the locks."

The Princess, Empire, Royalty and Opera Comique were also successively considered by her, but promptly rejected. The English idea of Americans seems to be that they are a dolorous people stuffed with dollars as well as gullibility, and not content with getting at the coveted wealth of the latter by the usual commercial stages, generally seek to extort it from them in advance.

There is not one "star" theatre in London. Whoever succeeds in establishing one will, I think, do well. Mme. Janaschek's manager, Mr. Stuart, tells me that Madame is minded to manage a theatre in London season after next.

Mary Anderson, I hear, is also in search of a theatre to lease. She and Irving are not on good terms. Wilson Barrett stands higher in her regard, and I should not be surprised if ultimately Miss Anderson should have control of the Princess.

As a matter of fact all London managers are nowadays rich. I wish I could add that they all merited such golden fruits, but I can't, and one of the lessons the world has thus far utterly failed in teaching me is how to "bend the supple hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

CLIFTON W. TAYLOR.

Stage Types.

NO. VIII.—THE PRIMA DONNA.

Miss Hattie Pretzel was a bright young girl with a pair of dark eyes, a large mouth garnished with a row of dazzlingly white teeth, and a good figure. She also had a big voice, so big that she could make the old house in which she was born and brought up, ring again as she carolled through its corridors. Her parents were honest, hard-working Germans, and, of course, when they heard that big voice, they at once jumped to the conclusion they had a musical prodigy in the family. So the child was put under the care of a German singing-master who had come out originally in the capacity of a kettle-drummer, but finding that in this free country he could do better than pound upon sheepskin, or knock tunes out of sticks and straws, had set up as a voice-builder and vocal instructor. By applying the rules of kettle-drumming to the human organ he made a pretty good thing of it. His pupils pounded out their notes with vigor and called their *recitatives* flippantly. To be sure, their tone was somewhat monotonous and their quality of voice sepulchral, but what did that matter? The teacher was a German professor, and that was enough. Hattie studied under the master for some years, and had attained to the power of hammering out *Ernani involami* till the welkin rang. She started as the leading soprano of a church choir, in which position she cleaved the ears of the congregation of the faithful every Sunday with operatic airs set to sacred words, and attained unto such pitch of popularity that the said congregation unanimously voted that a concert should be given by which to gather funds for her further musical education in Europe. Whether moved by sweet charity or by a desire to rest their case, we will not attempt to decide.

With a few hundred dollars, the result of the concert, and some additions made by one or two wealthy members of the church, Hattie went to Milan and there studied and starved for three years. At last a chance was offered to her, in *villaggiatura* as the Italians say—that is, to sing in opera in some little town and out of the carnival season. The pay was imaginary and the renown to be gained infinitesimal, but Hattie eagerly grasped at the opportunity and made her debut as Elvira in *Ernani*. Being a personable girl with a loud voice, she succeeded in pleasing the audience. She had no style, to be sure, but in Italy that does not so much matter. As the great Rossini said: "There are one hundred requisites to make a singer, and ninety-nine of them are—voice." So long as you sing loud enough you sing well enough in Italy. Flushed with success, Hattie plumed her wings for a higher flight and went the round of the Italian country towns. One night a stranger chanced to be in the theatre—an American manager in search of attractions. He saw, heard and was conquered. Next day he called on the prima donna, offered her an engagement for the United States, at a small salary, but with large promises of increase, and soon we met Hattie in New York, billed as a great artiste, called a diva in the papers, interviewed, serenaded and puffed nigh to bursting point.

The first-night came, and the diva received the usual avalanche of "floral tributes." She was met with a storm of applause and fancied that she had the whole world at her feet. But,

alas! applause and flowers will not support a healthy young woman with exhaustive lungs and improving stomach, and the *diva* did not draw. By some mischance it leaked out that she was nothing more than an American girl, foisted on the public as a real, live foreigner. People, unluckily, recognized Hattie Pretzel in Signorina Prestallini, and would have none of her. The enterprising impresario burst up, the operatic season closed, and Hattie was left to her own devices. Well for her, just at that moment the world was going mad over a comic opera. Every manager was fixing up companies to play the success of the hour, a wonderful Abyssinian operetta in the native costume. A first singer was wanted to take the part of Wanky-Fum, the dusky princess, and Hattie, thanks to her shapely figure and big black eyes, was selected at a hundred dollars per week and her costumes, which—consisting chiefly of burnt cork—did not cost much. Here at last was fame! She "caught on," and soon everybody was raving about Wanky Fum. Perhaps in process of time she will have saved a few hundred dollars, and then she will spend every cent of it in getting up a grand opera company to play *Ernani* to the miners of Nevada, and to fancy herself a diva once more. She talks English with an Italian accent, eats yards of macaroni and smells loudly of garlic. In fact, she is more Italian than the Italians themselves, and never wearies of repeating, "*Vedi Napoli, e poi mori*."

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, May 27.

The London rest of the eagles of the Young Eagle of the West (as our Post-Peer might call it) was well represented at the Royal Lyceum Theatre last night, when the massive and massive but still beautiful Barry (Helen of that ilk) produced what turned out to be your Mr. Cassin's Fatal Letter, rechristened The Remonides of Virginia. This play is, as you doubtless know, based on Anicet Bonnet's "Une Séparation" and an incident that, according to the programme, "actually happened in the great Civil War of America." The plot is so well known in the States that I will spare you the details, but I may tell you that in our opinion Cas has, by faulty construction and by a linked something which is not exactly sweetness, and which seems all the longer drawn out in consequence, spoiled what might have been made a powerful play. That striking scene in the second act where Rachel Trevor (born Esmonde) discovers that it is her husband who has played the spy and done to death her father and brother and the Confederate troops they were leading, roused the audience, who had previously been disposed to gey proceedings, to wild enthusiasm. The hopes then raised were, however, doomed to speedy disappointment. I have also to claim that the rechristening of the piece is a delusion and a snare, for it has rather less than nothing to do with Thackeray's "Virginians," and that the dialogue is both polysyllabic and unimpassioned. Helen Barry at first created considerable merriment by posing as a gushy seventeen-year-old maiden; but by and by, as her big scene, she carried all before her by running at them, as the irreverent might suppose, but by real, intense acting. Otherwise the cast was not conspicuous for merit.

Three things in Cas's drama excited some attention—not to say astonishment. The first was the appearance on the stage in Act I. (May 1896) of the London Evening Standard for May 20, 1886. The second was the author's showing Spy Trevor to lecture on the law of South Carolina instead of bringing down the curtain on the big situation. The third was the author's mentioning his wife in the last act with Article 244 in the French code. Helen Barry will, it is thought, take the place on tour. I should advise her to have it largely revised first.

The new first-class put on at the Royal Lyceum Theatre last night the extraordinary title of *Henry La Tré-la-lal*. But beyond this and the fact that it was written by one H. Mainwaring Dumas, the private secretary to the famous Baronet Count, there is nothing in it calling for special mention.

On the following day W. Yardley (once a much richer man but now descended to dramatic authorship) and his inseparable chum, "Pot" Stephens, had a matinee at the Gaiety. Among other things they produced three of their own pieces—*Hobbes* (originally put on at German Road), *Act I. of their burlesque, Little Jack Sheppard*, and *Head and Heart*. The last named was the only novelty, and not much of a novelty either; for it turned out to be a one-act Cavalier and Roundhead piece, with a story which has served for plays of that period time out of mind. There was the young lady addicted to the Cavalier cause, who had married a middle-aged Roundhead, ignoring the fact that she had previously promised her hand and heart to a dashing soldier fighting under the then youthful and not yet merry Charles II. Anon, this Cavalier, who said he was a Frenchman, but didn't talk much like one (which was, perhaps, what he meant and concealed himself in the wife's bed-chamber, much to the disgust of her Roundhead husband. Eventually, however, the Roundhead was convinced of his husband's infidelity, and the little wife, who was supposed, *pro tem.*, to have eloped, returned to her Roundhead husband, and after a well-written pathetic speech or two, all ended happily, and the authors were called before the curtain.

James Fernandez scored at the Roundhead, but Elton Plympton, who on this occasion made his first appearance since his return from your side, was victorious and unduly melodramatic as the Cavalier. When Plympton was over before he had committed the same fault. If he would but moderate the torrent, tempest and whirlwind of his passion he would do well here, for he has evidently a good deal of ability. Florence Gerard looked positively bewitching as the young wife. The dress and curls of the period became her wonderfully. She also played with a good deal of pathos, but was unequal on the whole.

Alhambra stock has been steadily going up ever since the theatre was turned into a music-hall—I beg pardon, a Palace of Varieties—and, like poor Marion, the weak-kneed giantess who was once on show here, its value is "still growing." The bill has this week been supplemented by a new and brilliant ballet called "Cupid," the plot of which is, perhaps, not quite clear, but which for richness and variety of color, effective arrangement and animated action, can give points to any spectacle ever shown upon the Alhambra boards—which is about as high a test as well could be devised in the matter. "Cupid" is in four scenes, the first of which is or seems to be independent of the rest, so far as plot is concerned. No. 1 is a scene in a fantastic forest with Spirits of the air dancing around in dark blue. Enter a young man in black and white harness and a young woman in blue and grey—Night, Mille. Enter a young man in black and white harness and a young woman in blue and grey—Night, Mille. Enter a young man in black and white harness and a young woman in blue and grey—Night, Mille.

ina Bessone, "prima ballerina assoluta of La Scala." Cupid endeavors to cheer the youth by exhibiting various specimens of what in a horse would be string-halt, but which in a prima ballerina assoluta are really proofs of her absoluteness. By and by we have a quick change to the Realm of Love, and are introduced to Hebe, alias Miss Lillie Lee. More string-halt, and cavoring generally, when a fog sets in, and we are at once in the Clouds. Here the Spirits of Night turn up in force, and rob Cupid of his bow and eke his wings. Cupid is much distressed hereat, but reviving presently gathers around him an army of very pretty warriors in brass helmets and auricoma hair. These, after going in for the walk-round business somewhat profusely, eventually depart, led by Cupid at a string-trot, for the Temple of Mirth—a really gorgeous scene which suggests "Clito." "The Arabian Nights," and a pantomime transformation scene mixed, the result being as splendid a *coup d'œil* as ever was seen on any stage. Here ensue marches, processions and characteristic dances by Zulu, North American Indians, Hindoos, Nautch Girls, Turkish Warriors, New Zealanders and Courtesans. The Courtesans' Dance was much appreciated by the bald headed mashers who occupied the private boxes, and it may safely be said that another triumph has been secured by the Alhambra directors.

At the St. James on Tuesday night last, Hare and Kendal produced Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards' adaptation of D'Ennery and Tarbe's drama, *La Martyre*. This was originally adapted from a romance in *Le Petit Journal*, a periodical similar to our London *Journal*, only more so. "The French play was first produced at the Paris Ambigu at the beginning of March, and caused such a flutter for awhile that H. and K. immediately secured the English rights for their fashionable and fastidious house. And I may here point that it is to many a most ingenious paradox that Hare and Kendal (not forgetting Mrs. K., whom some have more or less irreverently termed the Mother of the Modern Drama) should, after posing as great moral teachers—the very Elect among managers—always produce French plays which deal so largely with the defiance of Commandment No. 7. *La Maison du Mari*, *Maison Neuve*, *Antoinette Rigaud*, and now *La Martyre*, which is, on the whole, a bit worse than the others, all at the very saintly Saint James! 'Tis passing strange. But no more of that.

This version of *La Martyre* is entitled *The Wife's Sacrifice*, and the humor of it is that there is not the slightest need for any sacrifice at all. But the self sacrifice, Isabelle, Countess de Moray, being an impulsive and impressionable lady, thinks otherwise. So, forsooth, because her mother, before she was her mother (and before she was married to Isabelle's father—and not after, as in the French play), forfeited her honor and gave birth to an illegitimate son, Isabelle must needs pretend that the said illegitimate son, who comes worrying around, is her own lover, and all to shield her grey haired mother! Thereby she not un-naturally offends her husband, who separates himself from her, and later on marries a lady of easy virtue. So the foolish Isabelle is deprived of husband and child, and then proceeds to cause all sorts of trouble besides. Meanwhile the husband, believing Isabelle's self-accusation, shoots the supposed lover, who falls weltering in his gore and thus spoils the family hearth-rug. At last everything is set right by a busy, merry little man (artistically played by Hare). The Count's second and sinful wife is, of course, shown to be no wife at all, at least not his, and Isabelle and her much worried husband that was pair off again. And when it is all over, and you get away from the really powerful acting that has kept you on the *qui vive*, you wonder what all the fuss has been about, and why.

Mrs. Kendal played magnificently as the idiotic Isabelle. Her pathos drew many tears. Her husband, as the Count, acted better than he is wont to do. And the rest of the cast is strong, with the exception of Charles Brookfield, who, strange to say, was far below his usual form. He is one of the best character actors before the public.

We are now having, or are likely to have, if not too much opera, probably just opera enough. An Italian season of eight weeks, under the direction of Signor Lago, was started at Covent Garden on Tuesday. Next Monday Carl Rosa commences a four weeks' season of English opera at Drury Lane. After being given over for a while to political caucuses, Her Majesty's has now been prospectively engaged for the French plays, or we might presently have found the bold Mapleson seeking the bubble reputation even in that direction. But there is no Patti. According to some, Mapleson and company will arrive here next week, and according to others, Mapleson is moving Heaven and earth to secure La Diva. Up to now, however, he has not moved her to take a cent less than the ridiculously exorbitant terms which she has so long obtained from unfortunate impresari and which have practically resulted in the ruin of Italian opera on both sides of the Atlantic. Mapleson will doubtless reserve himself for an Autumn season at Her Majesty's with cheap prices. Signor Lago's venture is upheld by opponents of the ruinous star system, because he has promised good all-round performances, instead of a star supported by stunts. The fact that Lago's company includes such artists

as Gayarré, Runcio, Marini, Maurel and Mesdames De Cepeda, Scalchi and Albani, is an earnest in this direction. If he succeeds it will be well for the future of Italian opera in this country. On Tuesday, the opening night, Lucrezia Borgia was given with much success, all things considered. Lucrezia is by no means the most favorable specimen of the Italian school, but it has melody at all events, and in these days we must be thankful for small mercies. The house was crowded with a really brilliant and fashionable audience, first among whom were our popular Prince and his charming Princess. Operations commenced with "God Save the Queen," given by the orchestra with considerable spirit, and as we all stood up in honor of that massive strain we all swore in our hearts that we would never, never desert Mrs. Micawber. I am sure Lago will not (though he is an alien and doesn't count), for Mrs. M.—I mean her Most Gracious Majesty—has engaged a box for the whole series, and may perhaps put in an appearance herself some fine evening. We have an epidemic of loyalty on here just now, which is quite welcome after the sedition that has late been preached. The opera, on the whole, went fairly well. Gayarré, when he abstained from forcing his voice unduly was an admirable Gennaro. Often enough, alas! he sacrificed sweetness to sound—or, more correctly speaking, fury. M. de Cepeda is a sufficiently mature Lucrezia, but is not a specimen of the dramatic soprano. Temira Labatour, a young Russian contralto, made her first appearance in this country as Maffeo Orsini. She was very nervous and possibly did not do her powers justice. Pandolfi, the admirable artist, showed to considerable advantage as the Duke Alfonso. He can make up a *d* act as well as sing, a combination rare enough upon the lyric stage. The Prince of Wales, with the kindly sympathy which so well becomes him, frequently applauded the artists—sometimes when they didn't deserve it. Madame Marie Rose occupied a box and beamed brightly upon the audience, but did not apparently take much stock in the performance.

Charles Coghlan is busy with his new comedy for Mrs. Langtry, who will wear in it five gorgeous morning and evening dresses, one plain riding dress, two opera cloaks, two hats, and a lot of other things.—James Mortimer has done an English version of Sardon's *Les Vieux Garçons*. It is to be called *Old Sinners*, and will be played at the Gaiety on June 16. At the same house, on the 23d, there will be put on a new comedy entitled *Mischief*, by Cunningham Bridgman, the secretary of the theatre. Both these performances are matinees.—Charles Wyndham finding that *The Circassian* wants a lot of rewriting, has shelved it for awhile and will next Saturday revive *Wild Oats*, in which he will again play Rover, who keeps telling you that he is "the bold Thunder." David James and Edward Righton join the company for this piece.—Arthur Roberts, the sixty pounds a week comedian, fell through a trap at the Avenue the other night and damaged himself. He generally manages that sort of thing by falling out of a trap, for, like the son of Nimshi, "he driveth furiously."—Several leading actors on tour have been charged with being drunk and disorderly lately. But they all protest they were innocent.

Oliver Wendell Holmes went to see Faust at the Lyceum on Monday.—Daly's comedians open to-night at the Strand. Next week I will tell you how they got on.—Dixey is to be "received" to-morrow night. He has brought some Dixey cigarettes with him. When he entered the Mersey last week the American Mikado company gave him a banquet. The dose has since been repeated in various quarters.—Last Saturday the Dixey crowd went to see Wilson Barrett as Clito. They have not yet stated whether they found the tragedy "so Grecian, you know."—Dixey starts Adonis at the Gaiety on Monday. He is so extensively advertised that "Toujours Dixey" threatens to become a proverb.—Augustus Harris' sister, Nelly, and her husband, Mr. Sedger, are after the Comedy, where *The Lily of Leoville* is still running. Next Wednesday Augustus takes the chair at the Theatrical Fund Annual Dinner. Several distinguished personages have promised to be present. Among them is GAWAIN.

—The Alfa Norman company went to pieces at Albany on Saturday. Members of the company, who had managed to get back to town, called at THE MIRROR office to complain of the shabby treatment they had received at the hands of the management. Up to Monday some of the chorus were unable to get away, and were threatened with being turned into the streets.

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Pittsburg, Kas.	6,000	1,000	C. & J. Hunter
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Nevada, Mo.	6,000	1,000	Harry C. Moore
Rich Hill, Mo.	6,000	500	J. Goldenberg
Butler, Mo.	5,000	500	Don Kenney
Paula, Kas.	4,000	600	L. D. White
Ottawa, Kas.	8,000	1,000	Samuel Smith
Garnett, Kas.	3,000	1,000	S. Kaufman

Telegraphic News.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

BOSTON, June 8.—The Summer season was opened at the Boston Theatre last night by Ada Gray in East Lynne, at reduced prices. The fiftieth performance of *Vincent* Bijou for the benefit of the attaches. House closed. The Black Hussar began its second week at the Boston Museum. The Martinetti Pantomime and Specialty company at the Howard; Promenade concert at Music Hall; Rose Sangre's English Barlesque company in *Dude-Do* at the Windsor; Circus at Park Square; usual variety at dime museums.

ERIE, Pa., June 8.—A full house greeted the Corinne Merriamakers in *Capers* last night. Star and company were warmly greeted by a highly pleased audience.

CHICAGO, June 8.—A jammed house last night. Opening of my second week in Chicago.

ROCHESTER, June 8.—At the Academy, The Banker's Daughter is drawing fair audiences. Miller, Okey and Freeman's ten-cent circus is doing nicely at Falls Field. The show presented is an agreeable surprise. Leslie and Henri, managers of the Genesee Falls Park Theatre, have deferred the opening of that house until 14th. The Tourists will be the attraction. Milton Aborn's company to follow.

Professional Doings.

Ethel Tucker closed season at Amsterdam, N. Y., on June 5.

Howard Kyle has been engaged for Fred. Ward's company.

John S. Murphy closed his season at Carbondale, Pa., last Friday night.

Agnes Llewellyn Wynne is at liberty for leading lady or leading juvenile.

Some time this month the Corinne Merriamakers will close the most successful season they have ever had.

W. H. Whedon, who gave excellent support to Louise Pomeroy during the past season, appearing in a varied repertoire, including tragedy, comedy and farce, is at liberty for heavy roles.

Manager Edings, of Ethel Tucker's company, and Manager Potter, of Potter's Opera House, Amsterdam, N. Y., have arranged to organize a stock company and give three performances a week in that city next season.

Chester's Standard Dramatic company closed a season of thirty-nine weeks at Watertown, N. Y., last Saturday night. Not a night was lost during the season. S. K. Chester will be in town to reorganize during August.

On the last night of the appearance of the Harrison and Goulay company in California, James F. Tighe, the stage-manager of the organization, was presented with an elegant silver snuff box by the ladies of the company. The design was made by the late John Marzavich.

Evans and Hoey will open their season in the Parlor Match at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on August 30. They will play every combination house in New York City during the season, opening here on Oct. 11, and not leaving this vicinity for the West until Jan. 31. They will not produce their new play, *A Reign of Terror*, by J. Grattan Donnelly, until the latter part of the season, and perhaps not until the season of 1887-8.

A. W. F. MacCollin writes THE MIRROR under date of May 30: "We are doing the biggest continuous trip ever made by any company in this country. We left New York in November, 1884, and our long season has been very successful. Our repertoire has embraced some fifteen operas, eleven of which were played in Portland, Ore., during a season of several months. Our company all through has faithfully preserved its metropolitan reputation. We left Victoria, B. C., last Tuesday morning; reached St. Paul at one o'clock the following Sunday, and immediately left for New York for a short visit. Return to Cincinnati, where we open at the Highland House on June 15 for two weeks." The organization that Mr. MacCollin writes of was originally known as the Thompson Opera company.

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